

The Evening World

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A WARNING TO THE BANKS.

PLAIN talk from the Secretary of the Treasury to national banks on the subject of interest rates is timely.

Not a hundred miles from the City Hall one has seen evidences that banks are not always ungrudgingly to a hard times bogey that scares the public into a state of mind where it will borrow money at any rate asked.

"Complaints have been made to me," declares Secretary McAdoo, "that some of the national banks which are the beneficiaries of Government deposits and which are receiving national bank currency are charging excessive rates of interest on loans as well as restricting credits."

"I have ordered that careful investigation shall be made immediately. If I discover that depository banks are refusing to extend legitimate credit, or that they are charging excessive rates of interest for Government funds deposited with them, or for so-called emergency currency which has been issued to them, I shall not hesitate to withdraw Government funds from such banks and to refuse to issue emergency currency to banks which I am convinced are not making use of it upon reasonable terms for the benefit of the business community."

"This applies to national banks in all sections of the country."

As The Evening World asked last week, after pointing to evidences of prosperity and easy money throughout the country: Why should banks in New York City be charging eight, nine and ten per cent. for money? Are they helping or hindering prosperity?

Banks cut a sorry figure as promoters of hard times. A bank's first duty at this moment is to confute the calamity howlers by hastening to loan money on fair and comfortable terms. New York banks ought to be the first to set the example.

Gerhart Hauptmann, distinguished German writer, declares that victory for Germany "will enable us to spread the blessings of our work all over the world. This victory will insure the existence of the Germanic circle of nations for the blessing of the entire world."

Who cornered civilization and when?

GIVE THE FREE MARKETS A CHANCE.

COMPTROLLER PRENDERGAST professes alarm lest the city be asked for money to develop the free city markets.

"It will matter little," he says, "if there is a slight difference in the prices charged if the city as a whole is going to be called upon to make up this difference in maintenance of new establishments."

Will it matter little if the habit of thrifty marketing is established among wasteful New Yorkers?

Will it matter little if thousands of families of limited means are taught to buy supplies at fair prices?

Will it matter little if merchants and food dealers throughout the city are made to meet the prices of the markets and to cut loose from the jobbers and middlemen who now collect heavy tolls on the city's food supply?

Or, rather, will it matter little if picaresque argument and cheese-paring criticism raise objections while the most practical and promising market plan that New York has yet seen keeps steadily on its way to success?

New trade stamp for 1915 and after: Made in the U. S. A.

GASOLINE IN THE SEWERS.

ANOTHER of the sewer explosions that periodically startle the town struck the east side in the neighborhood of Forty-second street this week. It was attended with the usual terrific cannonades, spouting flames and flying manhole covers up and down avenues and cross streets. Windows were broken, buildings shaken, householders terrified and the patients in St. Bartholomew's Hospital frightened into a panic. A score of people were hurt by fragments of iron manhole tops.

The police offer the explanation now familiar to everybody: Waste gasoline from the garages accumulated in the sewers. A spark from a trolley car or a lighted match dropped into a manhole did the rest.

This kind of explosion becomes far too frequent in the city. It is time some restriction was placed upon the increasing quantities of gasoline and inflammable oils that the garages turn into their waste pipes each day. While we slowly learn to protect ourselves from the motor car in the streets there is no reason why it should blow us up through the sewers.

After warm assurances that it is against her will, Summer departs to-day.

Letters From the People

Military Training in Schools.

On the Editor of The Evening World:

Even if we consider the establishment of military training in the schools from an economic point of view we see that it must come. Let us think for a moment of the thousands of poor parents who must send their children to school—scarcely clad, yet at a great expense. A glance at the following table will convince any person that the minimum expense in clothing the average boy throughout the school year is \$4.50, and even at this cost, the boy is not well clad:

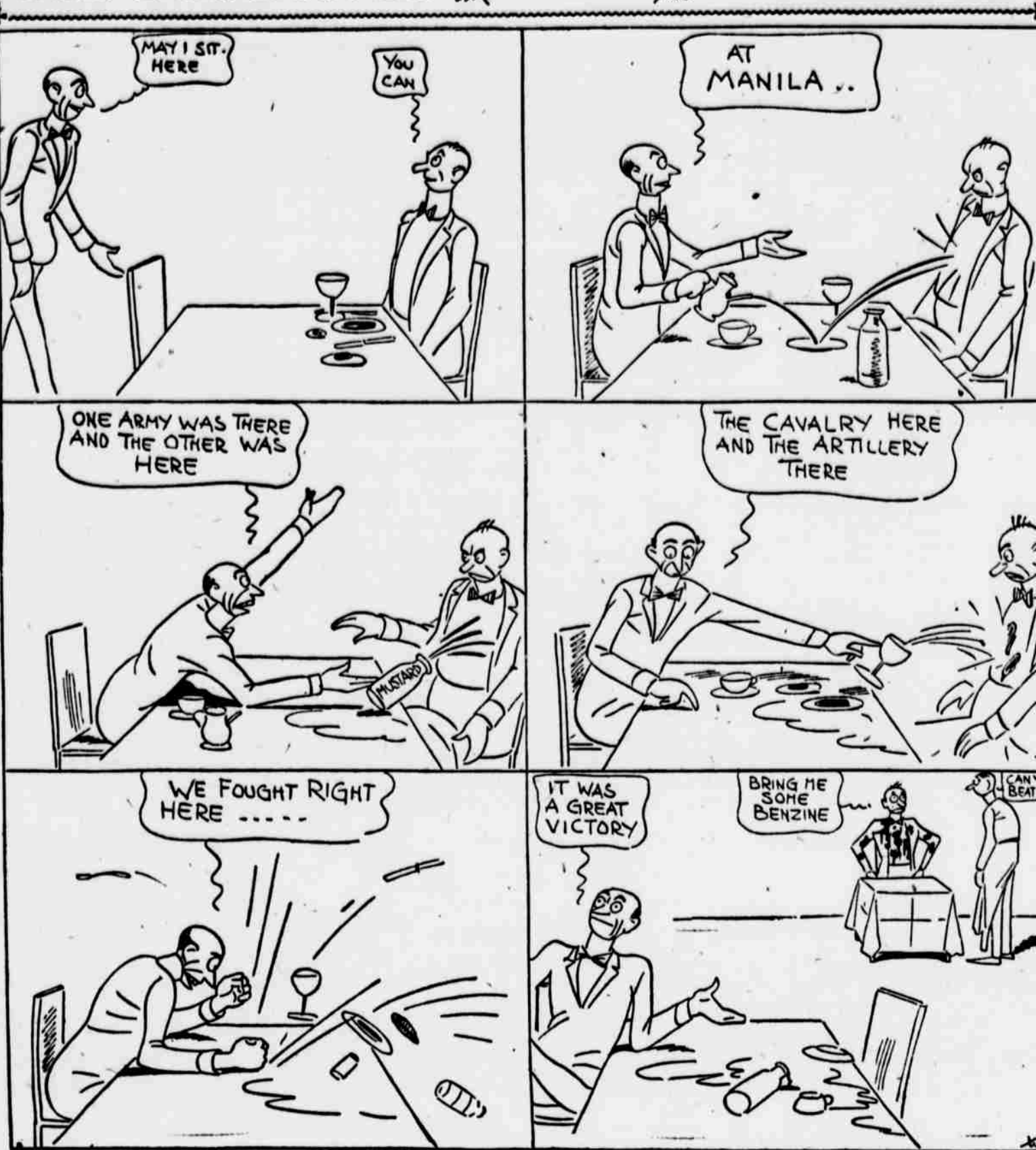
Shoes, \$1.50; shoes repairing, 50 cents; stockings, 50 cents; hat, 20 cents; collar, 10 cents; tie, 10 cents; suit of clothes (jacket and pants), \$1. Total minimum expense, \$4.50. Under existing conditions we see that it costs a parent at least \$4.50 to provide his son with clothes (not including underwear). Now, let us consider the cost under the assistance of our country.

It will cost a parent \$4 to provide his son with a military outfit for the school year. This outfit will include every item mentioned in the above table.

Thus, we already see that the poor parent will save \$2.50 each year—enough to buy half a ton of coal. If this be the saving for one boy, can any person imagine how a family benefited will be the parent who has two, three, four, or even five sons? The rich will save more. They spend on an average of \$20 to clothe a boy nowadays. Twenty minus four is \$16 saved!

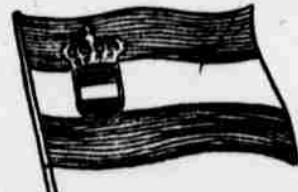
Military clothing will last longer than ordinary clothing. The boy will be proud of his outfit, eager to keep it neat and willing to wear it.

Can You Beat It!



War Flags

The Austrian War Flag.
By Eleanor Clapp.



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THE war flag of the dual monarchy Austria-Hungary is red, white and red with the Austrian coat of arms in the middle stripe. The red and white are the ancient colors of the Hapsburgs, Austria's ruling house. The flag totally ignores Hungary, but a slight concession is made to that not inconsiderable part of the empire in the merchant flag. The flag of Hungary is a tri-color of horizontal stripes, the top stripe red, a middle white stripe and then a green lower stripe. The mercantile flag of Austria-Hungary has its top stripe red, its middle stripe white and its bottom stripe red for half its length and green for the rest. And the middle white stripe of the flag bears the coat of arms of Hungary as well as Austria.

The imperial standard of Austria is yellow like those of Germany and Russia and it bears a black double-headed eagle on whose outspread wings are displayed the arms of the provinces of the empire. The standard has a narrow border all around it of black, white and red triangles. This double-headed Austrian eagle stands for history centuries old. The flag of the Holy Roman Empire was yellow with a black eagle, single headed, which was changed in the fourteenth century to a double-headed eagle by taking the arms of the Greek emperors of the Eastern Roman Empire at Constantinople. And because some of the early kings of Austria claimed to be by divine right emperors of the more or less imaginary "Holy Roman Empire" this symbol to-day adorns the banners of the country. Of the Holy Roman Empire of the middle ages Voltaire said that it "was not holy or Roman or an empire." It was not much more than a tradition of the past glories with which to flatter emperors and kings. But the double-headed eagle of Austria is centuries older than the Greek emperors of Constantinople, for it goes back to Asia Minor and, long before the Christian era. The name Austria means "The Eastern country." The present empire took its rise in a margravate founded by Charlemagne, the great Frankish king who the French declare was a French monarch, while the Germans are just as positive he was a Teuton.

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR GIRL.

HELEN ROWLAND.

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LOVE and marriage have always been confused with one another, just like snow and Christmas, simply because they occasionally happen to be coincident.

The only consolation a girl has in not having been born a man is that she can marry one.

Wild flowers and wild animals are always improved by being domesticated, but you can't convince a wild bachelor that the same process wouldn't take all the color, spice and brilliancy out of him.

When a man of thirty looks back on his twenty-year-old illusions about women he laughs; when a woman of thirty looks back on her twenty-year-old illusions about men she weeps.

At the beginning of an affair a woman is always consumed with curiosity to know whether a man loves her or not—and he is consumed with curiosity over the same question.

Nowadays husbands and wives don't have to hunt for Sunday diversions; they can begin by quarrelling over who shall read the war news, keep it up by arguing as to who started the war, and finish by merrily wrangling as to who started the quarrel.

A man can forgive a woman for any crime on earth sooner than for failing in love with him before he has asked her to—except, perhaps, for staying in love with him after he has asked her not to.

Soul-harmony is that ideal state of bliss in which a woman is perfectly satisfied with her husband—and he is perfectly satisfied with himself.

but the truth lies between the two, for he ruled over them both. Now this margravate, or count, took in the fertile tract of country lying along the southern bank of the Danube and now included in lower Austria. It was called Ostreich or Osterreich, "the Eastern country," on account of its position relative to the rest of Germany. And it took a leading part in all German affairs until the "Seven Years' War" with Prussia in 1866.

The Hapsburgs, from whose colors, red and white, the Austrian battle flag is taken, are an ancient German family who came originally from Switzerland, but they cannot be called of Swiss origin, for at the time Switzerland was a part of Germany. The family takes its name from the castle of Hapsburg, long ago in ruins, situated on the River Aar in the canton of Aargau. The first mention of the Hapsburgs is in a document of 1099, in which one Werner, Count of Hapsburg, is mentioned. The family rapidly became powerful and has given sovereigns to both Germany and Spain, and to-day, in the person of the old Emperor Francis Joseph, sits upon the insecure throne of Austria-Hungary.

Wit, Wisdom And Philosophy

ON ERRORS IN TEACHING.

—John Milton.

THE end of learning is to repair the ruin of our first parents by regaining to know God aright and to that knowledge to love Him, to emulate Him, to be like Him; as we may the nearest by possessing our souls of true virtue which, being united to the heavenly grace of faith, makes up the highest perfection. And seeing every nation affords no experience and tradition enough for all kinds of learning, therefore we are chiefly taught the languages of these people who have at any time been most industrious after wisdom. So that language is but the instrument conveying to us things useful to be known; and though a linguist should pride himself to have all the tongues that Babel cleft the world into, yet if he have not studied the solid things in them he were nothing so much to be esteemed as a learned man as any yeoman or tradesman competently wise in his mother dialect only.

Hence appear the many mistakes which have made learning generally so unpleasing and so unsuccessful. First we do amiss to spend seven or eight years in scraping together so much unusable Latin and Greek as might be learned otherwise easily and delightfully in one year. And that which costs our proficiency thereby so much behind is our time lost partly in too oft idle vacillations, partly in a preposterous exactness forcing the empty wits of children to compose theses, verses, orations which are the acts of ripest judgment and the final work of a head filled by reading and observing with elegant maxims and copious invention. These are not matters to be wrung from poor striplings like the plucking of untimely fruit. If after some preparatory grounds of speech by metaphysics so that they get into memory they were led to the praxis thereof in some chosen short book, seasoned thereby to them, they might then forthwith proceed to learn the substance of good things and arts in due order, which would bring the whole language quickly into the power.

And for the usual method of teaching wits I deem it to be an old error of universities, not well recovered from the scholastic grossness of barbarous ages, that instead of beginning with the most easy they present their young novices at first coming with the most intellectual attractions of logic and metaphysics so that they having but newly left those grammatical flats and shallows where they stuck unreasonably to learn a few words with inimitable construction, and now on the sudden transported with their unballasted wits in fathomless and unquiet depths of controversy, do for the most part grow into hatred and contempt of learning, mocked and deluded all this while with rugged notions and battlements, while they expected worthy and delightful knowledge till poverty or youthful year call them importunately to their several ways and hasten them with the sway of friends either to an ambitious ministry or ignominious servility.

Hits From Sharp Wits.

It must have been a seasick man who said you "couldn't eat your cake and keep it."—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

If you want a better job than you have, do your best on the one you have.—Knockville Journal and Tribune.

A big brute of a man never kicks a dog of his size.

Many men who are tame at home imagine they are Indians on the war-path when they get into a strange town.—Toledo Blade.

The wise remark is made by a contemporary that the man who sits down too much has no standing in the community.—Knockville Journal and Tribune.

In view of the manner in which straw hats suddenly disappeared it's only now to see who are the real slaves of fashion.—Pittsburgh Gazette-Times.

Greatest Battles In War-History

By Albert Payson Terhune.

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No. XI.—BATTLE OF BLENHEIM, that Wrecked France's Dream of World Power.

LEAN little man with a jutting beak of a nose (and who wore a mountainous wig and high-heeled shoes to make him look taller) dreamed of world conquest. And he came perilously close to putting his dream into effect. He was Louis XIV., King of France. One battle wrecked forever his plans of universal power—the battle of Blenheim.

For more than forty years Louis's armies and Louis's diplomacy had been terrorizing Europe. Then, in 1701, King William III. of England had formed a "Grand Alliance" against him. This alliance included England, Austria, Prussia and several lesser nations. William died before the Alliance could do any effective work. But his successor, Queen Anne, continued the enterprise. In 1702 war was declared against France by the Allies, and the English Duke of Marlborough was chosen as commander-in-chief of their armies.

The next two years were taken up by manoeuvres of no great importance. But in August, 1704, the rival forces came to death grips. France and Bavaria had formed an alliance on their own account against the "Grand Alliance." The two great rival armies (about 60,000 on a side) drew near each other in Bavaria late in July.

The French and Bavarians, under Marshals Tallard and Marsin, halted and awaited the foe on the banks of the River Nebel, a portion of the army fortifying the village of Blenheim. Facing eastward, their right wing was guarded by the Danube River from a high ridge of hills similarly perched on the left. Thus they could be assailed only from the front, and the Nebel formed a barrier in front of them. The Allies, under the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene of Austria, marched toward them from the east, and on Aug. 2 encamped five miles east of the Nebel. The next ten days were taken up with manoeuvres, in which the Allies slowly advanced, seeking to improve their position as they moved.

The French and the Bavarian armies were side by side, and Marlborough tried to mass his men so as to strike their weakest spot—the line of division between the two forces. The crossing of the Nebel, too, presented tremendous difficulties. Prince Eugene and the Austrians and Prussians composed the Allies' right; Marlborough with the English and other troops held the centre and left.

At 12.30 P. M. on Aug. 13 the battle of Blenheim began with the charge of an English column upon Blenheim village. The attack was repulsed, the leading English brigade losing one-third of its men. A second charge was also beaten back.

Then, at the head of his cavalry, Marlborough led the attack in person. This third assault was successful, and it cleared the way for the Allies to cross the Nebel.

Prince Eugene and his Austrians meantime were barely holding their own to the far right against Marsin's Bavarian troops. In fact, but for the valor of his Prussian infantry Eugene would have been defeated. The aggressive was thus left wholly to the English.

Marlborough had always relied chiefly on his cavalry, and his cavalry won the day for him at Blenheim. Once across the Nebel, he hurled the cavalry against the enemy's centre, tearing a wide gap in the French ranks. Through this gap poured the English. The French, after fierce resistance, broke and fled. Hundreds of fugitives were driven into the Danube and drowned. Thousands more were surrounded and forced to yield. Marsin, seeing the retreat had become a rout, led back before Prince Eugene's attack. At P. M. the retreat had become a rout. Marsin's army was able to withdraw in fairly good order, but Tallard's was almost annihilated.

Thus ended the battle of Blenheim (which the French called "the battle of Hoesstadt" and the Germans called "the battle of Pfaffenhofen"). And thus, too, ended King Louis's hopes of establishing a world power. The Allies lost 12,000 in killed and wounded. Says Voltaire: "The French army was almost entirely destroyed. Of 60,000 men, no long victorious, there never reassembled more than 20,000 effective. About 12,000 killed, 14,000 prisoners, all the cannon, the General of the army and 1,002 officers of mark in the powers of the conqueror, signaled that day!"

Jungle Tales for Children

—By Farmer Smith.

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THE Baby Baboon was sitting up in a bamboo tree one day when along came Tommy Giraffe. "I say," began the fellow with the long neck. "I wish you would help me write a poem about Jimmy Monkey."

Then Tommy Giraffe read: "Jimmy Monkey has a tail. He wags it with a vim. It's funny when you think of it—when you read it in school."

"That's all right," said the Baby Baboon, "but it will not make him mad when you read it in school."

"I don't want to make him mad," said Tommy Giraffe. "I never pays to try to make people mad."

"Yes," replied the Baby Baboon, "but if I wrote your poem for you, it wouldn't be yours. Have you written anything?"

"I've a poem here which I think is good, but I wanted to see what you think of it," replied Tommy. "Go ahead and read it," said the Baby Baboon.

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